

*The Chronicle History*  
Before you haue them.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lords, the English lie within a hundred  
Paces of your Tent.

*Con.* VVho hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord *Granpeere*.

*Con.* A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away,  
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.*

*Pist.* Ke vela?

*King.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?  
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

*King.* No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

*Pist.* Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

*King.* Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

*King.* O then thou art better then the King.

*Pist.* The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,

A lad of life, an impe of fame,

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings

I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

*King.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* Le Roy, a Cornish man;  
Art thou of Cornish crew?

*King.* No sir, I am a Welchman.

*Pist.* A Welchman; knowst thou *Flewellen*?

*King.* I sir, he is my kinsman.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*King.* I sir.

*Pist.* Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll*.

*King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

*Pist.*

*of Henry the fifth*

*Pist.* Pistoll is my name.

*Enter Gower and Flew.*

*Gower.* Captaine *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* In the name of Iesu speak  
It is the greatest folly in the worlde  
Prerogatiues of the warres be not  
I warrant you, if you looke into the  
You shall finde no tittle rattle, nor  
But you shall finde the cares, and  
And the ceremonies to be otherw

*Gow.* Why the enemy is loud: y

*Flew.* Godes sollud, if the enemy  
And a prating cocks-combe, is it  
Afoole, and a prating cocks-com  
In your conscience now?

*Gower.* He speake lower.

*Flew.* I beseech you do, good C

*King.* Though it appeare a littl  
Yet there's much care in this.

*Enter three Soules.*

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning

2. *Soul.* I, we see the beginning,  
God knowes whether we shall se

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King  
Vp to the necke in the middle of

And so I would he were, at all adu

*King.* Now masters good morn

3. *Soul.* Ifaith small cheere some  
Ere this day to an end.

*King.* Why feare nothing man,

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath

*King.* Nay say not so, he is a man  
The Violet smells to him as vnto y  
Therefore if he see reasons, he fea